

**TEASER**

FADE IN:

**INT. 14TH STREET UNION SQUARE, SUBWAY STATION - 5:00 AM**

Establishing shots of the NYC Subway on a Summer morning.

The downtown Q train pulls into the station.

A FASHIONABLE YOUNG WOMAN (20's) clutches the ends of her skirt, pulling it down to avoid a Marilyn Monroe moment as the train whizzes by.

A GRUMPY BUSINESS MAN (40's) on his way to work runs down the subway steps in an attempt to catch the train, spilling some coffee on his crisp white shirt.

A TIRED NURSE IN SCRUBS (30's-50's) yawns as she leans against the wall doing a crossword puzzle on her morning commute.

The doors to the Downtown Q train opens.

RILEY WILSON (25), a walking tornado of a woman, both intimidating and captivating, walks down the platform in her Air Jordan 1's and a sparkly dress.

Her energy is giving us a circa 2010 hungover from Four Loko vibe.

Her eyes are bloodshot, she has some dried vomit in her hair, her makeup is smeared under her eyes, and her heels are bloodied and blistered from walking so far.

The Nurse holds the door open for Riley who makes her way onto the subway.

**INT. 14TH STREET UNION SQUARE, SUBWAY CAR - CONTINUOUS**

THE FEW PEOPLE in the car stare at Riley as she enters. Everyone is clearly starting their day, and Riley's is very obviously just getting home.

Riley settles into her seat, crossing her legs and brushing her wild and unkempt hair behind her ear.

A homeless man, RODEO JOE (50's), in an I Heart NYC t-shirt, Juicy Sweatpants, and a cowboy hat, with an array of bandaids over his face, enters the car shaking a McDonalds coffee cup with spare change inside.

He RATTLES the cup with every step.

He passes by a FEW PASSENGERS shaking his cup at them

RODEO JOE

Change! Can anyone please spare  
some change!

Rodeo Joe holds onto the subway pole. He spins around a couple times. Everyone ignores him.

RODEO JOE (CONT'D)

My name is Rodeo Joe. People call me that because my name is Joe, and I got this cowboy hat from a rodeo. My wife's name is... uh.... Her name...

Rodeo Joe tries to come up with a name on the fly.

RODEO JOE (CONT'D)

...is unnecessary. All you have to know is that she has a bullet lodged in her left titty and her fungal infection is getting worse.

No one makes any eye contact with Joe.

RODEO JOE (CONT'D)

Change! Change!

Rodeo Joe passes by Riley. He eyes her up and down. He looks at his cup of change, then he looks back at her.

He feels bad... He pulls out a quarter and hands it to Riley.

Riley, confused, grabs the quarter from Rodeo Joe who then walks off the subway as the doors open.

Riley looks to her right and catches a glimpse of herself in the subway window... *Yikes*.

She clears her throat, brushes her hair behind her ear, and takes a compact mirror out of her bag and fixes the smudged eyeliner that has cascaded down her face.

Her CELLPHONE ALARM goes off.

It's a SINGSONGY VOICE that says "You betta get yo' ass up and make some moneyyyyyy!!!"

Riley struggles to find her phone. Everyone stares as the ALARM BLARES.

She softly apologizes under her breath and grabs her phone.

INSERT PHONE SCREEN: Alarm notification that says "Neha  
Session \$\$\$"

Riley shuts the alarm off.

**END TEASER.**

**ACT ONE****EXT. BROOKLYN, STREETS - 5:30 AM**

The sun is starting to rise over a quiet street in Flatbush, Brooklyn.

Riley runs down the street, passing by some bodegas, eyebrow threading parlors, delis, and old brick apartments.

She wears a T-shirt that says "Personal Trainer", a pair of plain black leggings, and some fresh Nikes.

Her eyeliner is still smudged, however, she's doused enough concealer under her eye to appear significantly less depressing than she was an hour ago.

Riley gets caught by a red light. She stops, panting on the street corner.

Suddenly, a wave of nausea comes over her.

She turns to the garbage can on the corner and pukes.

A typical NYC "Oldhead", FRANK (60's), tank top with grease stains, newspaper in hand, and early morning beer in the other, sits on a milk crate in front of a local bodega and AGRESSIVELY LAUGHS at Riley.

**INT. GYM, BROOKLYN - 5:44 AM**

A small garage style gym with a few GYM MEMBERS scattered about getting their early morning workout in.

EDM BEATS blast in the background.

NEHA BABU (mid 60's), short, chubby, Indian woman with a sharp tongue, stands by the front door. Neha is Riley's favorite/least favorite client. Problematic by nature, but highly lovable at the same time.

Neha looks at her FitBit that reads "5:44", as Riley runs into the gym, out of breath, throwing her stuff into the locker.

NEHA

Well, I'm glad someone is getting their morning cardio... Tell me how I am here before you? Hm? Am I the trainer now?

RILEY

No, Neha. You're not.

**INT. GYM, BROOKLYN - MOMENTS LATER**

THE BEATS pulse.

Neha is using the *TRX Straps* and doing a *Squat to Row* movement as she and Riley talk.

Riley sits on a weightlifting flat bench right next to her.

NEHA

-And I'd have to run every errand, every little thing. Always "get me this", or "get me that". I used to sit in my car just to eat a snack in peace. Like those Weight Watcher snack packs, you know? I would carry them in my trunk and eat them in silence for a tiny bit of joy.

Neha continues to work out as they chat.

RILEY

Damn. I guess life is easier if you just decide to stay single.

NEHA

No, no, no. You don't *decide* to stay single. It is only because you're undateable. That is why you are single.

Riley shoots Neha a look as the **TIMER** on her phone goes off.

She turns the timer off and points to the mat on the floor.

NEHA (CONT'D)

You have this crazed energy.

Neha continues to speak as she gets on the mat to do some crunches.

Riley sits on the floor next to her.

RILEY

Sorry, you think having a sense of humor makes me crazy. Most people would think it makes me hot.

NEHA

No, Riley. I have been training with you for three months. You are not a funny girl.

Riley rolls her eyes. She can't believe she's having this conversation.

NEHA (CONT'D)  
Trust me. I know humor.

Riley puts Neha on the spot.

RILEY  
Okay, Boomer. Who's your favorite comedian?

NEHA  
...Christopher Rock.

RILEY  
"Christopher"?

NEHA  
Yes. *Christopher* Rock.

RILEY  
What're you? His mom?

Neha stops working out.

NEHA  
How many more?

RILEY  
I don't know. You were probably done like, 10 reps ago.

Neha sucks her teeth, mutters under her breath, and grabs her water.

**INT. GYM BATHROOM, BROOKLYN - 6:45 AM**

Riley is leaning up against the sink of the gym's bathroom. EDM BEATS BLAST, penetrating the thin bathroom walls.

A motivational poster of someone's washboard abs with the text "It's not about the destination, it's about the journey" hangs above her head.

Riley holds her phone, an automated message plays on speakerphone.

AUTOMATED MESSAGE (V.O.)  
-We are confirming the appointment for Riley Porter today at 10:30 AM. Press 1 to confirm, press 2 to cancel.

Riley looks down at her phone. Her finger hovers over the number "1" on her keypad.

There's a LOUD KNOCK on the door. Riley hangs up her phone.

DANNY (O.S.)

Riley! Riley, yooooo. Riley, quit jerking off in there.

Riley opens the door. On the other side is her boss, DANNY RATMAN (40-50). He's the type of guy who clings onto his youth with every fiber of his being, orders steroids off the dark web, and wears a "Sex, Weights, and Protein Shakes" tank top.

He blocks her path from exiting the bathroom.

RILEY

There's about a million "Me Too" moments that are happening right now.

DANNY

Right on. Very Gen-Z. Just wanted to wish you a happy birthday!

Riley moves past him, exiting the bathroom as they walk back out onto the gym floor.

RILEY

Thanks, Danny.

DANNY

As your boss, I was a little offended I wasn't invited to your party.

RILEY

That's exactly why you weren't invited.

DANNY

I can still get down. Let my hair down, you know? "Long hair, don't care" as the kids say. Ha, kidding, I'm bald.

Riley gets behind the counter and opens up her calendar on the desktop at the front desk.

Danny leans on the counter.

RILEY

I feel like there's something you want to ask me.

DANNY

I need someone to cover two prospects this afternoon.

RILEY

Danny. We talked about this.

Danny drops his head, ashamed.

DANNY

I know, I know. No more porn on my lunch breaks because my bluetooth is connected to the gym speakers...

RILEY

What? No. I needed this afternoon off. I told you a week ago.

Danny gets serious with Riley.

DANNY

I'm gonna give you a piece of business advice that I wish someone gave me when I was younger... You're going to get fired.

RILEY

You're firing me? How the fuck is that business advice?!

Danny backs down. Feminine rage is his weak spot.

DANNY

No! No, I'm just saying, it's inevitable. At some point in your life, you'll get fired. So, do your best not to.

RILEY

Okay...

DANNY

So you can stay?

Riley walks out from behind the front desk.

RILEY

See you tomorrow, Danny.